

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

A faithful of corn-melish, says the Iowa Homestead, fed to cows warm once each day, the corn to be of the yellow variety, is the best butter color.

New potatoes should not be shipped until matured, and then only in ventilated cars or barrels when perfectly dry. The small potatoes, unless picked out, will spoil the sale of the larger ones.—Chicago Journal.

A dish which may tempt a failing appetite or be relished by a convalescent is this: Take two or three sardines from the box, drain all the oil from them, and broil them; then lay them on slices of buttered toast.—Cincinnati Times.

String beans cut in small pieces may be served with roast beef or lamb in place of peas and mushrooms with good effect; in fact, many people who do not like them in any other way find that they give a good relish when cooked with the meat.—N. Y. Post.

Allowing trees to grow in an open situation, with a wide spread of branches from the base up, gives the tree great vital force but makes knotty lumber, but in growing timber it is most desirable if free from knots, and this must be attained by close planting. N. Y. Herald.

A correspondent of the Country Gentleman says: "To kill the striped bugs which eat melon, squash or cucumber vines use sulphur. Dip the fingers in the sulphur and touch each leaf in the morning when the dew is on the plants. It is entirely harmless to the plants. Should the beetles leave the plants and go into the ground use it around the stem of the plants."

Meat balls: Mince together some slices of cold roast beef and ham. Add to the mince one cup of mashed potatoes, half a cup of cream, pepper, salt and a little tomato catsup. Mix well together. Beat up two eggs. Mix all together. Form in little balls. Dip the balls in beaten egg, place in wire basket, and fry in boiling lard or butter. Garnish with parsley.—N. Y. Times.

Extracted honey may be stored in barrels or casks which have been cleaned and coated with beeswax or paraffine. Pour three or four quarts of melted wax or paraffine into the warm barrel, put in the bung tight, and roll around in every way until the wax has coated over the whole of the interior, then knock out the bung and pour out the extra wax. When the barrel is cool is well be ready for use.—Exchange.

Value of Ewe Lambs.

The tempting prices obtainable for really choice early lambs have yearly proved a greater temptation than many owners could resist, and the result has been that quite a number of ewe lambs are sacrificed to the shambles to the serious detriment of flock improvement as well as ultimate loss to owners of the country. As in a majority of instances the sires of these lambs are better-bred animals than are the dams their preservation would prove a long stride in the direction of flock improvement, and if the owner feels compelled to restrict the number of animals handled, a rigid culling from the older ewes and filling their places from the choicest ewe lambs should be a policy from which no temporary demand for "lamb and spring peas" tempts him to deviate. So long as the ewe lamb is a superior bred animal to its mother (and the breeder who does not have it so has mistaken his calling), it will prove the more profitable to retain in his flock. Not only does such retention insure the coming of fresh and better blood, but it reduces the expense and dangers of management by the omission of animals which have passed their prime, and filling their places with those that, in the nature of things, will grow better instead of worse, for at least several succeeding years. Those who have not carefully compared results fail to appreciate how materially the loss from "natural causes" may be reduced by a careful observance of the policy of retaining—either by increase in numbers or maintaining any desired number—young and growing animals, and rigidly excluding such as have passed the meridian of life and vigorous improvement. The advantage in this respect alone is sufficient to offset any temporary top price for ewe lambs, and when to it is added the tide of improved blood that comes on through young animals, every prudent flock manager will find warrant for resisting the most tempting offers for young females.—Farmers' Advocate.

Should Women Ride Like Men?

The above subject having created considerable discussion in the English newspapers, the *Lancet* (London) now takes it up and concludes that it would be as well to leave the determination of the question to those whom it principally concerns. We fancy they have no wish to change the custom. As a matter of fact, although it may not appear to be the case, the writer continues, the seat which a woman enjoys on a side-saddle is fully as secure, and not as irksome, as that which a man has to maintain, unless he simply balances himself and does not gripe the sides of his horse either with the knee or the side of the leg. It is curious to note the different ways in which the legs of men who pass much time in the saddle are affected. Riding with a straight leg and a long stirrup al most invariably produces what are popularly called knock-knees. Nearly all the soldiers of the British army suffer from this deformity, as any one who will take the trouble to notice the men of the Life Guards and Blues walking may satisfy himself. On the other hand, riding with a short stirrup produces bowed-legs. Jockeys, groomers, and most hunting men who ride very frequently are more or less bowed-legged. The long stirrup rider grips the horse with his knee, while the short stirrup rider grips him with the inner part of the leg below the knee. This difference of action explains the difference of result. No deformity necessarily follows the use of the side saddle if the precaution be taken with growing girls to change sides on alternate days, riding on the left side one day and on the right the next. The purpose of this change is to counteract the tendency to lean over to the side opposite that on which the leg is swung.

That's Me!

He drove a policeman into a doorway on Woodbridge street Sunday evening and began.

"About two hours ago a cadaverous wooden-head might have been seen gawping at the river from the foot of Randolph street. He didn't know enough to chew gum. That was me."

"You, eh? Well?"

"Well, he gawped, and gawped, and he knew he had \$20 in his pocket, and he chuckled and tickled and said he had come to town to look around and see things and go home and be a lion. That was me again."

"He jest fairly ached to have a bunco man come up and slap him on the back and call him Josephus Basswood, and ask how pa and ma and the children all got along. He itched to have a three-card monte man tickle him under the chin and call him a red fox from Ionia County, and open up his little game. His bones all screamed out for the man with the gold pieces, and he drew down his left eye as he thought how they'd take him for a hay-stack and get sold. He was an infernal idiot. That's me!"

"Yes."

"Well, as he was standing there and feeling how sharp and cute and cunning he was, up comes a man who was breathing hard and looking scared, and says he to me in a whisper: 'You look like a friend to the unfortunate. I can see by the cut of your face that I can trust you. I have wounded a man who insulted my wife, and I must skip to Canada to escape arrest. I have no money, but here is a hundred dollar bond. Lend me \$20 and keep the bond until I see you.' That is what he said. The double-jointed idiot from the country took it all in like a boy gulping down sulphur and lasses. That's me some more."

"I'm listening."

"The greenhorn was flattered and tickled. He saw a chance to make \$80 on that bond. The bomb-proof, back-acting, copper-riveted agricultural peach-blossom figured as how he'd cash that bond to-morrow and skip, and as how the man in haste to reach Canada would never find him, and as how them \$100 would buy a yoke of oxen, and so he passed over his greenbacks and pocketed the bond. Yes, the bald-headed, cross-eyed, bow-legged turnip patch did that very thing. That's me to a dot!"

"Is it possible?"

"And here's the bond—worthless! And here I am—strapped! And somewhere up town is the sharper—tickled half to death at the way he played me! Say?"

"Yes."

"Hunt up a born fool, catch a crank, scare up a dude, bring in an old man with a third wife, and boil 'em all down and bag up the bones and call the thing Josephus Basswood. That's me!"

And he walked off to find the plank road running West, waving the bogus bond with one hand and helping to kick himself with the other. Half a block away he halted and looking back, and seeing the officer still there he gave himself three kicks and shouted out in a lonesome voice:

"Don't you forget it—that's me!"—Detroit Free Press.

The Art of Chiromancy.

Chiromancy is one of the many superstitions which grew out of the true science of astrology. The authors of the system placed the fingers under the rule of the planets. The hand itself is divided into several particular forms, viz.: First, the hand elementary, or hand with a large palm; second, the hand artistic or conical; third, the hand useful or square hand; fourth, the philosophical or knotted hand; fifth, the psychological or pointed hand; seventh, the mixed hand. The thumb is very important, and is said to be the test between the wise man and the fool. According to the length and thickness of the line at the root of the thumb is the intensity of the reasoning will to be judged. Idiots turn the thumbs in and hide them under the fingers. A small thumb indicates irresolution and vacillation in such matters as result from reason, and not from sentiment or instinct. People with small thumbs are governed by the heart, while those with large thumbs from the head.

Persons whose fingers tend to bend backward through suppleness and elasticity are sagacious, curious and possess address. Those whose fingers, badly placed, all differ in form toward the exterior phalange, are wanting in mental stamina. They will be foolish and miserable. The hand that, held up to the light, shows neither light nor transparency, and fleshy fingers kept in exact parallelism—it is a sign of avarice. Short and thick fingers denote cruelty. Fingers long and straggling belong to cheats, humbugs and sharpers. Smooth, transparent fingers are the characteristics of those who are inquisitive and indiscreet.

Talkativeness and levity are indicated by smooth and conical fingers, while strong and knotted fingers show prudence and capacity. People who in walking move their arms and hold their hands firm are prompt and impetuous. The nails are also supposed to be indicative of character to a considerable extent. The short, squat nails show low habits and animal tastes; those pointed and slender, refinement; those broad and thick, decision and firmness. Small white spots under the nails indicate the approach of good luck or the fulfillment of wishes, and either happens when the spot reaches the top. A black spot in the same place is a very bad sign and foreshadows misfortune.

Chiromancy has the merit of being at least more rational than other kinds of fortune telling, and no doubt it is possible to be sometimes successful in reading the future by this method. The same may be said as regards cards and dice, all of them depending upon chance for the occasional happiness of the hits.—Baltimore News.

The other night the brilliant moon shone upon the clouds near Oswego and brought out a lunar rainbow that spanned the heavens, but differed from the solar article, as the colors were different, yellow predominating.—Oswego (N. Y.) Palladium.

The Blunderberrys at Breakfast.

"Mrs. Blunderberry," said the master of the house, have you seen the newspaper this morning?"

"I have, but I haven't seen the news- paper this morning," he looked underneath the dish cover with a scowl at the bacon, as if he suspected that usually harmless comestible of having secreted his morning journal.

Mrs. Blunderberry dropped two silent tears into the breakfast cup and turned her head away without reply.

"Am I to understand, Mrs. Blunderberry," he continued, raising his voice; "am I to understand that you have used the *Daily Star* as a dress improver? Do you wish me to believe that you propose to curl your fringe with the large circulation in the world? Possibly you intend to contribute twenty columns of news and forty of advertisements to the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge; but I—I—your husband, your lord and master, demand that you produce it. Mrs. Blunderberry, or—"

And he seized an electro-plated knife with which it was just possible to carve butter on a hot day, and flourished it menacingly.

"You shan't have it," cried Mrs. Blunderberry defiantly, snatching it from beneath the chair where she had concealed it and holding it behind her back. Then, with all the rapid variation of woman's mood, the tears coursed down her cheeks as she pleaded piteously: "Don't ask me for it, Solomon—don't. Take my pearl brooch with dear grandma's hair in it—take my new silk skirt, which only came home last night, and which I have never—ever worn, but, Solomon, as you love me, do not read the newspaper to-day."

"What! this *Star* this morning?" roared Mr. Blunderberry. "What corruption of male morals has Fleet Street been attempting since I went to bed? What profanity has been turned loose in ledged type to startle the propriety of a Blunderberry? Speak, madam—speak—or I will purchase a thousand copies of this day's *Star* and paper every room in the house with them."

"O, Solomon! the Lor—Lor—Lor—Lords have made a law—law that you are to marry your wife's deceased sister, and—and—you've got to do it."

As Mrs. Blunderberry spoke these words she choked with emotion and misdirected the tea, then patted herself on the back with a spoon till she recovered.

"Is that so?" yelled Mr. Blunderberry, dropping a piece of bacon into his cup, and flourishing the vacant fork like a General leading his troops to victory. "Is that so? Then bring along the coffins of all your dead and gone relatives; show me the tombstones of all my future wives; and let history record the name of Blunderberry as the Mormon among the mummies."

"Sol—ol—omon, how can you joke on such a subject? O! to think that I should live to see the day when my husband should stand before the altar with his deceased wife's sister."

"Now you've got it! That's it at last!" replied Mr. Blunderberry, with rock seriousness. "I'll invite you to the wedding, Mrs. Blunderberry; I'll present you with a piece of the cake, Mrs. B., a lovely bit of cake with a little sugar cupid atop; I'll fit you with a wreath of flowers, and you shall give me away; then you will become your sister's stepwife, and I shall be your half brother-in-law—see?"

"But," cried Mrs. Blunderberry, rising from her seat, a bright gleam of hope irradiating her countenance, "but—I haven't got a sister!"

Mrs. Blunderberry, the peers of England, in council assembled, are not to be put off with subterfuge. You ought to have one. Procure me the necessary young person without delay; bring forth the fiery, untamed sister, or dread the vengeance of the outraged majesty of the law. The petty detail that there was but one of you will never serve your turn in the presence of the Lord Chancellor."

"But," said Mrs. Blunderberry, reflectively, "I suppose the same law applies to a deceased husband's brother; and you have a brother, Solomon, and very nice-looking he is—quite different to you—and ever so much younger; and I always have liked him very much, and I wish—"

"What nonsense you talk!" exclaimed Mr. Blunderberry, peevishly. "I think I will walk into the city this morning," and he left the house fully ten minutes before his usual time.—London Fun.

A Really New Fish Story.

Four ladies, a nurse and a ten-year-old urchin in blue petticoats, leaned eagerly over the gunwale in a boat off Atlantic City intent on capture. Suddenly the young lady of the party gave vent to a wild scream, and began wringing her hands over the side of the boat. The gulls continued to snap the unwary minnows from the reedy marge, the voracious schools of weakfish continued to take the hook as fast as it was lowered, yet heaven and earth were duly called to witness the maiden's distress. Playing the line from the tips of her fingers a hungry weakfish had captured the hook just as a diamond ring slipped from her dainty fingers down the cord. Weakfish have a peculiar practice, when the hook has stuck, of opening their mouths and shaking their heads. The fish in question opportunely opened his mouth, received the ring on top of the hook and was at once pulled to the surface and to the young lady's rescue.—Philadelphia Press.

Few stories can be sadder than that of the man John Meeker, and few stories tell the desolation of wrong-doing more poignantly. He was sent to Sing Sing for the murder of Felix McCarthy, but there were circumstances which led Governor Cleveland to pardon him last week. When the man gained his freedom he did not know how to use it. He wandered about in a dreamy way. There was literally nothing in life to live for, and he begged to be taken back to prison. This man's wife lost her mind when he was committed, and wandered away from the asylum and has not since been heard of. There were three children, and some benevolent people in Newburg have sent them to the Home of the Friendless. A more complete picture of ruin it would be hard to imagine.—Troy (N. Y.) Times.

A Berlin (Germany) bookseller named Borstle has a circulating library of 600,000 volumes.

The Vain Old Woman.

There was once an old woman so very poor that she had no house, but lived in a hollow tree. One day she found a piece of money lying in the road. Full of joy at her good fortune, she began to consider what she should buy with the money.

"If I get anything to eat," she said to herself, "I shall quickly devour it, and that will be the end of the matter. That will not do at all. If I buy clothes, people will call me proud, and that will not do; and besides I have no closet to keep them in. Ah! I have it! I will buy a broom, and then everybody that I meet will think I have a house. A broom is the thing. A broom it shall be."

So the old woman went into the next town and bought a broom. She walked proudly along with her purchase, looking about her all the time to see if people noticed her and looked envious, thinking of her house. But as no one seemed to remark her, she began to be discontented with her bargain.

"Does everybody have a house except me?" she said to herself, crossly. "I wish I had bought something else."

Presently she met a man carrying a small jar of oil.

"This is what I want," exclaimed the old woman; "anybody can have a house, but only the truly rich can have oil to light it with."

So she bartered her broom for the oil and went on more proudly than ever holding the jar so that all could see it. Still she failed to attract any particular notice, and she was once more discontented. As she went moodily along she met a woman with a bunch of large flowers.

"Here, at last, I have what I want," the old woman thought. "If I can get these, all that see me will believe I am just getting my house ready for a brilliant party. Then they'll be jealous, I hope."

So when the woman with the flowers came close to her she offered her oil for them, and the other gladly made the change.

"Now I am indeed fortunate!" she said to herself. "Now I am somebody!" But still she failed to attract attention, and, happening to glance at her old dress, she suddenly occurred to her that she might be mistaken for a servant carrying flowers for her master. She was so much vexed by the thought that she flung the bouquet into the ditch, and went home to her tree empty-handed.

"Now I am well rid of it all," she said to herself. "Adapted from the German, by Arlo Bates, in *St. Nicholas*."

Looking Out the Back Door.

A friend of ours wished to hire a farmer for a wealthy neighbor, and we mentioned one who was wanting an engagement. Knowing that our friend had been to see this farmer, we asked the result. His reply was in substance: "Yes, I went there; I went around to the back door and came away, knowing that he would not suit." The front door of many farmhouses are rarely opened. The back door is in constant use. One need not go far in any locality to find the outlet of the kitchen sink ending in a sort of a ditch, which is supposed to carry off the waste water, but which only allows it to soak away and saturate the ground near the back of the house. The seldom used front door is opened when a small coffin is to be taken out. The minister speaks of "the mysterious dispensations of Providence." They are not at all mysterious. Bad sink drains at the back of the house are sure to bring typhoid fever and other sickness. Let the back door surroundings be looked to. If nothing better can be done, carry the kitchen wastes to a cesspool a distance from the house, where they can soak away far below the surface. Prohibit all throwing out of slops at the back door. The ground soon becomes charged with matters that ferment and breed disease. Where pigs are kept, and that includes every farm, there should be a pail to receive all animal and vegetable matters and daily emptied. Nothing of the kind should be thrown out at the back of the house. Where there is such a disease-breeding sink spout as we have mentioned, let provisions be at once made to carry off the water to a cesspool, and cover up the saturated ground with dry earth. Let the back yard to the house always be kept scrupulously neat.—American Agriculturist.

French silk manufacturers are reported to be very hopeful as to the capabilities of a big spider lately discovered in Africa which leaves a yellow web of great strength and elasticity.

THE MARKETS.

CINCINNATI, AUGUST 11, 1888.	
LIVESTOCK—Cattle—common \$2.00 @ 3.25	
Choice butchers..... 4.50 @ 5.25	
HOGS—Common..... 4.50 @ 5.00	
Good packers..... 5.10 @ 5.50	
SHEEP..... 4.00 @ 4.75	
WHEAT—No. 1..... 1.12 @ 1.15	
GRAIN—Wheat—Long berry red 1.12 @ 1.15	
No. 2 winter red..... 1.08 @ 1.08 1/2	
Corn—No. 2 mixed..... .51 @ .51	
Oats—No. 2 mixed..... .30 @ .30	
Rye—No. 2..... .58 @ .60	
HAY—Timothy No. 1..... 10.50 @ 11.50	
Wheat—Double dressed..... 8.50 @ 9	
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess..... 14 @ 14 1/2	
Lard—Steam..... 8 @ 8 1/2	
BUTTER—Family Dairy..... 22 @ 22	
Prime Creamery..... 22 @ 23	
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES.....	
Potatoes per barrel..... 2.00 @ 2.50	
Apples, prime, per barrel..... 2 @ 2 50	
NEW YORK.	
FLOUR—State and Western..... \$3.00 @ 4.25	
Good to choice..... 4.00 @ 4.75	
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red..... 1.17 @ 1.17 1/2	
Oats—mixed..... 1.05 @ 1.12 1/2	
Corn—No. 2 mixed..... .61 @ .61 1/2	
Oats—mixed..... .38 @ .40	
PORK—Mess..... 15.25 @ 15 3/4	
CHICAGO.	
FLOUR—State and Western..... \$3.50 @ 4.25	
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red..... 1.09 @ 1.10	
Oats—No. 2..... .53 1/2 @ .51 1/2	
Oats—No. 2..... .35 1/2 @ .36 1/2	
Rye..... .60 1/2 @ .61 1/2	
PORK—Mess..... 12 3/4 @ 13	
LARD—Steam..... 8 3/4 @ 8 1/2	
BALTIMORE.	
FLOUR—Family..... \$5.25 @ 6.00	
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red..... 1.17 @ 1.17 1/2	
Oats—mixed..... .61 @ .62	
Oats—No. 2..... .39 @ .41	
PROVISIONS—Pork—Mess..... 16.00 @ 16 1/2	
Lard—Refined..... 10 1/4 @ 10 1/2	
LOUISVILLE.	
FLOUR—A No. 1..... \$4.50 @ 5	
GRAIN—Wheat—No. 2 red, new 1.03 @ 1.04	
Corn—mixed..... .25 @ .26	
PORK—MESS..... 15.00 @ 15	
INDIANAPOLIS.	
WHEAT—No. 2 red, new..... \$1.05 @ 1.06	
CORN—mixed..... .25 @ .26	
OATS—mixed..... .35 @ .36	
LIVE STOCK—Cattle.....	
Butchers' stock..... 2 1/2 @ 4.50	
Shipping cattle..... 5.25 @ 6.50	

Hard Lumps in Throat.

Dr. P. P. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: Dear Sir—I wrote you some time ago that I thought I had a cancer. There was a large lump in my throat as large as a walnut, and had been there four months. I commenced taking your "Golden Medical Discovery," "Favorite Prescription" and "Pelllets" in June, and the lump is gone. Yours gratefully, Mrs. R. R. Clark, Irvington, Mich.

There is a gland who shakes the throat on the side-wind is the man who "fills the public eye,"—*Golden Days*.

No Trouble to Swallow
Dr. Pierce's "Pelllets" (the original "Little Liver Pills") and no pain or griping. Cure sick or bilious headache, sour stomach, and cleanse the system and bowels. 25c a vial.

A New York paper doesn't miss it far by asserting that pie is the greatest American dessert.

"Became Sound and Well."
R. V. Pierce, M. D.: Dear Sir—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good. Yours truly, Thomas J. Mettiss, Hatcher's Station, Ga.

If a man can not cut the grass in front of his house he might as well be no mow.—N. O. Picayune.

PARALYTIC strokes, heart disease, and kidney affections, prevented by the use of Brown's Iron Bitters.

There is said to be a jolly old dog—a setter—in London, who is nearly eighty years old. He is a type setter.

ANASOMA, IOWA.—Dr. J. G. McGuire says: "I know Brown's Iron Bitters is a good tonic and gives general satisfaction."

ONE of the best stops for a hand-organ is a pewter dime.—Boston Commercial Bulletin.

HAY-FEVER. One and one-half bottles of Ely's Cream Balm entirely cured me of Hay-Fever of ten years standing. I have had no trace of it for two years. ALBERT A. PERRY, Smithboro, N. Y. Price 50 cents.

WHAT is the difference between costumes and customers?—O U know. "Hot love soon runs cold."—That's owing to the sighs of it.—Boston Traveller.

WADLEY, GA.—Dr. B. R. Doyle says: "I consider Brown's Iron Bitters superior as a tonic to any preparation now in use."

An enterprising reporter, writing of a wreck at sea, stated that not less than four of the unfortunate crew and passengers bit the dust.

HAY-FEVER. I was severely afflicted with Hay-Fever for 25 years. I tried Ely's Cream Balm, and the effect was marvelous. It is a perfect cure. WM. T. CARR, Presbyterian Pastor, Elizabeth, N. J. Price 50 cts.

He said his hair was dyed; and when she indignantly said: "Tis false!" he said he presumed so.

"Buchu-paiba." Complete cure, all annoying Kidney Diseases, Irritation. \$1.

Walnut Leaf Hair Restorer
Is entirely different from all others. It is as clear as water, and as its name indicates, is a perfect Vegetable Hair Restorer. It will immediately free the head from dandruff, restore gray hair to its natural color, and produce a new growth, where it has fallen off. It does not in any manner affect the health, which Sulphur, Sugar of Lead and Nitrate of Silver preparations have done. It will change light or faded hair in a few days to a beautiful glossy brown. Ask your druggist for it. Each bottle is warranted. JOHN D. PARK & SONS, Wholesale Agents, Cincinnati, Ohio, and C. N. CRITTENTON, New York.

Wells' "Rough on Corns." Use. Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, bunions.

Glenn's Sulphur Soap.
No specific for skin ailments can cope with it. Hill's Hair and Whisker Dye, 50c.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, fleas, roaches, bed-bugs, ants, vermin. 15c.

THE Monarch Lightning Potato Digger stands without a rival. Every farmer should have it. Read advertisement elsewhere in this paper.

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, restlessness, worms. Tasteless.

Get Lyon's Patent Heel Stiffeners for those new boots or shoes before you run them over.

Skinny Men, "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia.

HOSTETTER'S
STOMACH BITTERS
Ely's Cream Balm
CATHARRH
ELLY'S CREAM BALM
When applied to the finger into the nostrils, will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the mucous membrane of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It always inflammation, protects the membrane of the nasal passages from colds, completely heals the sores and restores taste and smell. A few applications relieve. A thorough treatment will permanently cure. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

HAIR-RENEWER
An infallible cure for Piles. Price \$1 from druggists, or sent prepaid by mail. Address: "ANAK KESIN," Makers, Box 316, New York.

HAIR-RENEWER
\$66 A WEEK in your own town. Terms and full particulars, Address: H. Hall & Co., Portland, Me.

HAIR-RENEWER
\$72 A WEEK, \$12 a day at home easily made. For full particulars, Address: True & Co., Augusta, Me.

PARSONS' PURGATIVE
MAKES NEW BLOOD
And will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take ONE PILL EACH NIGHT FROM ONE TO TWELVE WEEKS, can be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Evidence use them in their practice. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 25 cents in stamps. Send for pamphlet. I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Grocers and Dealers
IN
TEA AND COFFEE.
Send for Wholesale Price List of our goods. Lowest possible prices. GREAT LONDON TEA CO., 501 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

TELEGRAPHIC MATTER.

Optical correspondence, May 14, 1888, brings to the narrative of HENRY B. ISHAM, the General Superintendent of the District Messenger Co. of New Haven, Conn. Mr. Isham writes: "For many months I had been sorely troubled with a weak and tired feeling across the loins, almost invariably accompanied with a headache. I had noticed also that at stated periods following these attacks my urine would be highly colored, and have a heavy brick-colored sediment when allowed to stand in the vessel. I could not work, and I was discouraged to an alarming degree. Nothing helped me. I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the best physicians in New York City, where I was located at that time, but derived no benefit or relief. When almost ready to give up in despair an acquaintance said to me, 'I want you to try Hunt's Kidney and Bladder Remedy.' I was prescribed for by some of the